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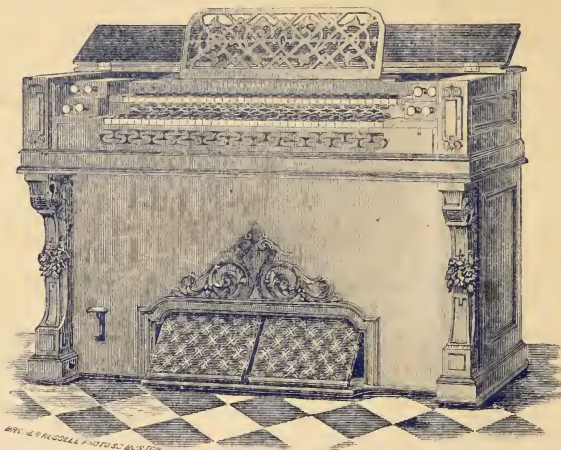
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N O R M A

A Grand Opera,

IN TWO ACTS.

THE MUSIC BY BELLINI.

AS REPRESENTED AT THE

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LONDON, AND THE ACADEMY
OF MUSIC, NEW-YORK.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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| <p>POLLIO (<i>a Roman Proconsul.</i>)</p> <p>OROVESO (<i>Chief of the Druids.</i>)</p> <p>NORMA (<i>a Druidess, Daughter of Oroveso.</i>)</p> <p>ADALGISA (<i>a young Priestess of the Temple of Irminsul.</i>)</p> | <p>CLOTILDE (<i>Confidante of Norma.</i>)</p> <p>FLAVIO (<i>Friend of Pollio.</i>)</p> <p>TWO CHILDREN OF NORMA AND POLLIO.</p> <p>Druids, Bards, Eubagi, Priestesses, Warriors, &c</p> <p>Gallie Soldiers.</p> |
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The Scene is in Gaul, in the sacred Forest of the Druids, and in the Temple of Irminsul

A R G U M E N T.

THE Romans having effected the subjugation of Gaul, committed the government of the conquered province to POLLIO, a Pro-Consul, who became enamoured of NORMA, daughter of the Arch-druid, (Druidism being at that time the religion of the country) and who, besides the respect awarded her from the consideration of her birth and connections, was regarded by the superstitious multitude as the unerring oracle through whom their grand deity, IRMINUS, condescended to convey to his faithful votaries his divine decrees. NORMA having been secretly united to POLLIO, the Roman Governor, the consequence was the birth of two children, which circumstance she keeps secret from all, excepting CLOTILDE. POLLIO afterwards deserts Norma, and transfers his affections to ADALGISA, a young Priestess of the Temple of Irminsul, who permits a similar passion to kindle in her bosom for the faithless Roman, who, after much persuasion, succeeds in gaining her consent to abandon the Temple, and fly with him to Rome. Remorse, however, soon takes possession of her breast, and in her agony, she resolves to reveal all to NORMA, who is already laboring under the influence of slighted love. POLLIO makes his appearance at the instant that ADALGISA is relating her story to NORMA, whose anger is transformed into the wildest fury, on being informed by ADALGISA that he is the corruptor of her youthful heart, and she bitterly reproaches POLLIO for his infidelity and baseness.

NORMA is with her children, the former still under the

influence of rage, and bent on their destruction, which she is on the point of accomplishing, when the full force of maternal feeling rushes into her heart, and arrests her uplifted arm. She next resolves to destroy herself, and as a preliminary step, requests ADALGISA to take charge of her children, who, moved by her distress, endeavors to allay her perturbation, and promises to persuade POLLIO to return to her. In anticipation of her success, NORMA becomes more tranquillised, and indulges hopes of brighter days. The illusion is of short duration. CLOTILDE soon after informs her that ADALGISA has been unsuccessful, and that the Roman persists in his determination to possess her. Intelligence soon after arrives that a Roman has been discovered in a certain part of the Temple, exclusively appropriated to the use of the Virgins, who, on being introduced, proves to be POLLIO. Another scene of recrimination ensues between him and NORMA, in which she threatens the life of ADALGISA. POLLIO pleads for her, but the other is inexorable, and orders the pile to be prepared, and, on the name of the victim being demanded, she publicly announces herself. All present are struck with horror and amazement, anxious to know the nature of her crime; this she reveals to her father, by informing him that she is a mother! POLLIO's first passion rekindles in his breast at this her devotion, and he gladly ascends the pile with her, after she has recommended her children and CLOTILDE to the care of her father.

N O R M A .

ATTO I.

SCENA I.

Foresta sacra de' Druidi; in mezzo, la quercia d'Irminsul, al piè della quale vedesi la pietra Druidica, che serve d'altare. Colli in distanza sparsi di selve. E notte; Lontani fuochi trapelano dai boschi.

Al suono di marcia religiosa difilano le schiere de' Galli indi la processione de' Druidi. Per ultimo OROVESO coi maggiori sacerdoti.

Oro. Ite sul colle, o Druidi,
Ite a spiar ne' cieli
Quando il suo disco argenteo
La nuova Luna svelì;
Ed il primier sorriso
Del verginal suo viso
Tre volte annunzi il mistico
Bronzo sacerdotale.

Dru. Il sacro vischio a metiere
Norma verrà?

Oro. Sì, Norma.
Dru. Dell' aura tua profetica,
Terribil Dio, l'informa:
Sensi, O Irminsul, le inspira
D'odio ai Romani e d'ira,
Sensi che questa infrangano
Pace per noi mortal.

Oro. Sì: parlerà terribile
Da queste querce antiche:
Sgombre farà le Gallie
Dall' aquile nemiche:
E del suo scudo il suono,
Pari al fragor del tuono,
Nella città dei Cesari
Tremendo echeggerà.

Tutti. Luna, ti affretta a sorgere!
Norma all' altar verrà.

(Si allontanano tutti e si sperdono nella foresta; di quando in quando si odono ancora le loro voci risuonare in lontananza. Escono quindi da un lato FLAVIO e POLLIONE guardinghi e ravvolti nelle lor toghe.)

SCENA II.

POLLIONE e FLAVIO.

Pol. Stabilir le voci;—dell' orrenda selva
Libero è il varco

Fla. In questa selva è morte,
Norma tel disse.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Forest sacred to the Druids. In the centre, the Oak of Irminsul; near it, the Druidical Stone which serves for an altar. In the distance, woody Hills. It is night, and fires gleam between the trees.

At the sound of a religious march, enter the Gallic Bands, then the procession of Druids, and, lastly, OROVESO, followed by the High Priests.

Oro. Go on yon hill, O Druids!
And in the heavens watch
When, with her silvery disk,
The Moon her light discloses;
And at the first sweet smile
Of her celestial face,
Strike ye the bell three times,
Announcing her appearance.

Dru. To cut the sacred branch
Will Norma come?

Oro. Yes; Norma.
Dru. With thy prophetic power
Inspire her, mighty God!
Instil into her mind
To Rome eternal hatred,
And senses that may break
For us this mortal peace.

Oro. Yes; he will fiercely speak
From these most ancient oaks;
He will set free this land
From all the Roman eagles:
The sound of his dread shield,
Like to the roar of thunder,
In the Cæsarean city
Tremendously will echo.

All. Moon, hasten to shine forth,
And Norma will soon come!
(They retire and disperse in the forest; from time to time their voices are heard in the distance)

SCENE II.

Enter FLAVIO and POLLIO, cautiously, and enveloped in their togas.

Poll. Every sound is hushed. Of the dread wood
The passage now is free.

Fla. Death is within this wood; so Norma said.

POL. Profferisti un nome
Che il cor m'agghiaccia.

FLA. Oh! che di tu! l'amante!—
La madre da' tuoi figli!—

POL. A me non puoi
 Far tu rampogna, ch'io meritar non senta;
 Ma nel mio core è spenta
 La prima fiamma, e un Dio la spense, un Dio
 Nemico al mio riposo: a' piè mi veggo
 L'abisso aperto, e in lui m'avvento io stesso.

FLA. Altra ameresti tu?

POL. Parla sommessò.
 Un' altra, sì—Adalgisa—
 Tu la vedrai—fior d'innocenza e riso
 Di candore e di amor. Ministra al tempio
 Di questo Iddio di sangue, ella vi appare
 Come raggio di stella in ciel turbato.

FLA. Misero amico! e amato
 Sei tu del pari?

POL. Io n'ho fiducia.

FLA. E l'ira

POL. Non temi tu di Norma?

FLA. Atroce, orrenda,
 Me la presenta il mio rimorso estremo—
 Un sogno—

FLA. Ah! nara.

POL. In rammentarlo io tremo.
 Meco all' altar di Venere
 Era Adalgisa in Roma,
 Cinta di bende candide,
 Sparsa di fior la chioma.
 S'udia d'Inene i cantici,
 Vedea fumar gl' incensi,
 Eran rapiti i sensi
 Di voluttade e amor.

Quando fra noi terribile
 Viene a locarsi un'ombra:
 L'ampio mantel druidico
 Come un vapor l'ingombra:
 Cade su l'ara il folgore,
 D'un vel si copre il giorno,
 Muto si spande intorno
 Un sepolcrale orror.

Fiù l'adorata vergine
 Io non mi trovo accanto;
 N' odo da lunge un gemitto,
 Misto de' figli al pianto—
 Ed una voce orribile
 Echeggiava in fondo al tempio:—
 "Norma co-l fa scempio
 Di amante traditor."

(*Squilla il sacro bronzo.*)

FLA. Odi!—I suoi riti a compiere
 Norma dal tempio move.

(*Faci lont.*) Sorta è la Luna, o Druidi,
 Ite, profani, altrove

FLA. Vieni fuggiam—sorprendere,
 Scoprire alcuu ti può.

POL. Traman congiure i barbari—
 Ma io li preverrò.
 Me protegge, me difende
 Un poter maggior di loro.
 È il pensier di lei che adoro,
 È l'amor che m'infiammò.
 Di quel Dio che a me contende
 Quella vergine celeste,
 Arderò le rie foreste,
 L'empio altare abbatteverò.

(Partono rapidamente.)

POL. A name thou hast pronounced that chills my
 heart.

FLA. Oh! what hast thou now said? The lover,
 The mother of thy children!

POL. Ah! thou canst not reproach beyond my merits
 But in my heart is dead my first affection;
 And an Almighty Power,
 Averse to my repose, has quenched this love.
 I see the abyss yawning before my feet,
 And of my own free will I plunge into it.

FLA. And canst thou love another?

POL. Softly speak.
 Yes; Adalgisa. Thou wilt see this flower
 Of innocence and love.
 A Priestess in the temple of that god
 Of blood, there she appears,
 A cheering star amongst the gloomy clouds.

FLA. Unhappy friend! And is thy love returned?

POL. So I believe.

FLA. And fearest not of Norma?

POL. My great remorse does represent her anger
 Beyond conception dread—
 A dream.

FLA. Ah! speak.

POL. I tremble at the thought.
 With me at Venus' altar
 Was Adalgisa in Rome;
 She was enrobed in white;
 Her head was crowned with flowers
 She heard the hymns of Hymen,
 And saw there incense burning.
 Our senses were enrapt
 In sweet delight and love;

When a most dreadful shade
 Between us placed itself.
 The wide Druidic mantle
 Surrounds it like a mist;
 The thunder strikes the altar.
 The day becomes obscure,
 And all around is spread
 A mute sepulchral horror.

No more the lovely virgin
 Beside me can I find:
 I hear a distant groan,
 With cries of children mixed,
 And a most dreadful voice
 Resounds all through the temple:
 "Thus Norma takes revenge
 On a deceitful lover."

(*The sacred shield rattle*)

FLA. Dost hear? The sacred rites
 Comes Norma to fulfil.

Distant } The moon has risen, Druids;
 Voices. } From hence, profane, depart.

FLA. Ah! let us fly—we may
 Be seen, or be surprised.

POL. They lay 'gainst us their snares;
 But they shall be defeated.
 I am shielded, I am defended,
 By a greater power than theirs.
 'Tis the thought of her I love;
 'Tis the flame that warms my breast.
 Of that god that drives from me
 That celestial, loving virgin,
 I shall burn the hateful forests,
 The impious altar I shall raise.

(*Exeunt hurriedly.*)

SCENA III.

Druidi dal fondo, Sacerdotesse, Guerrieri, Bardi, Eubagi, Sacrificatori, e in mezzo a tutti OROVESO.

Tutti. Norma viene: le cinge la chioma
La verbena ai misteri sacrata;
In sua man, come luna falata,
L' aurea falce diffonde splendor.
Ella viene: e la stella di Roma
Sbigottita si copre di un velo;
Irmisul corre i campi del cielo
Qual commeta foriera d' orror.

SCENA IV.

NORMA in mezzo alle sue ministre. *Ha sciolti i capegli, la fronte circondata di una corona di verbena ed armata la mano di una falce d'oro. Si colloca sulla pietra druidica, e volge gli occhi intorno come ispirata. Tutti fanno silenzio.*

Nem. Sediziose voci,
Voci di guerra avvi chi alzar si attenda
Presso all' ara del Dio? v'ha chi presume
Dettar responsi alla veggente Norma?
E di Roma affrettar il lato areano?—
Ei non dipende da poter umano.

Oro. E fino a quando oppressi
Ne vorrai tu? Contaminate assai
Non fur le patrie selve e i templi aviti
Dall' aquile Latine? Omai di Brenno
Oziosa non può starsi la spada.

Tutti. Si brandisca una volta.

Nem. E infranta cada.

Infranta, sì, se alcun di voi snudarla
Anzi tempo pretende. Ancor non sono
Della nostra vendetta i di maturi:
Delle sicambre scuri
Sono i pili Romani ancor più forti.

Tutti. E che ti annunzia il Dio? parla: quai sorti?

Nem. Io nei volumi areani
Leggo del cielo; in pagine di morte
Della superba Roma è scritto il nome—
Ella un giorno morrà; ma non per voi.
Morrà pei vizi suoi,
Qual consunta morrà. L' ora aspettate,
L' ora fatal che compia il gran decreto.
Pace v'intimo—e il sacro vischio io mieto.

(Falcia il vischio: le Sacerdotesse lo raccolgono in canestri di vimini. NORMA si avvanza e stende le braccia al cielo. La luna splende in tutta la sua luce. Tutte si prostrano.)

Nem. Casta Diva, che inargenti
Queste sacre antiche piante,
A noi volgi il bel sembiante
Senza nube e senza vel.

Tempra tu de' cori ardenti,
Tempra ancor lo zelo audace,
Spargi in terra quella pace
Che regnar tu fai nel ciel.

Tutti. A noi volgi il bel sembiante
Senza nube e senza vel.

Nem. Fine al rito; e il sacro bosco
Sia disgiunto dai profani.
Quando il Nume irato e feroce
Chiegga il sangue dei Romani,
Dal Druidico delubro
La mia voce tuonerà

SCENE III.

Enter from the Back-ground Druids, Priestesses, Warriors, Bards, Eubagi, Immolators, and OROVESO

A.1. Norma comes; and her forehead is bound
With the branch to our mysteries sacred;
In her hand, like the Moon in her crescent,
Is refulgent her sickle of gold.

Norma comes; and the splendor of Rome
Becomes pale, and in darkness is lost;
Irmisul threads the ways of the sky,
Like a comet, foreteller of horror.

SCENE IV.

Enter NORMA, attended by her Priestesses; her hair loose, her forehead bound with a wreath of verbena, and in her hand a golden sickle. She ascends the Druidical stone, and casts her eyes around, as one inspired. All keep silent.

Nor. Seditious voices, cries of war, are there
Who dare to raise beside the Deity's altar?
Who e'en presume to the prophetic Norma
Replies to give, and the hidden fate of Rome
To hasten? It does not on man depend.

Oro. How long shall we this heavy yoke endure?
Were not our native woods, our father's temple—
Enough polluted by the Roman eagles?

No more can Brennus' sword remain in idleness.
All. Let it be drawn again.

Nor. And broken fall.
Yes; broken fall, should any of you presume
To wield it ere the time.
For our revenge the day cannot yet come;
The axe of the Sicambri
Is not yet stronger than the Roman pikes.

All. And what foretells the Deity? Speak: what fate?
Nor. In heaven's mysterious volumes I do read,
In characters of death,

The name is written of presumptuous Rome
She will soon perish; but not by your sword
By her own vices she will fall consumed.
Await the hour, the fatal hour await,
Which shall accomplish this most high decree
Peace I command you to—
And I the sacred hough am going to garner.

(She cuts branches of mistletoe. The Priestesses put them into their baskets. Nor. comes forward, her arms extended towards heaven. The moon shines in its full light. All kneel down.)

Nor. *(addressing the moon.)*
Goddess chaste, whose silver beams
Clothe these sacred, ancient trees,
Turn on us thy radiant face,
Free from clouds, and quite unveiled.
Oh! calm thou of burning hearts,
Oh! calm thou the audacious zeal.
Shed on earth that gentle peace
That in heaven thou causest to reign.

All. Turn on us thy radiant face,
Free from clouds and quite unveiled

Nor. Cease the rite—the sacred grove
Must be cleared of all profane.
When the wrathful, gloomy god
Shall demand the fall of Rome,
From the altar of the Druids
Will my voice like thunder sound

Tutti Tuoni; e aleun del popol empio
Non sfugga al giusto seempio,
E primier da noi percosso,
Il Proconsole cadrà.

Nor. Sì, eadrà—punirlo io posso—
(Ma punirlo il cor non sa.)
(Ah! bello a me ritorna
Del fido amor primiero;
E contro il mondo intero
Difesa a te sarò.)
(Ah! bello a me ritorna
Del raggio tuo sereno;
E vita nel tue seno,
E patria e cielo avrò.)

Coro. Sei lento, sì, sei lento,
O giorno di vendetta;
Ma irato il Dio t' affretta
Che il Tebro condannò.

(*Nor. parte, e tutti in ordine la seguono.*)

SCENA V.

Entra ADALGISA

Ada. Sgombra è la sacra selva,
Compiuto il rito. Sospirar non vista
Alfin poss'io, qui, dove a me s'offerse
La prima volta quel fatal Romano,
Che mi rende rubella al tempio, al Dio—
Fosse l' ultima almen!—Vano desio!
Irresistibil forza
Qui mi strascina—e di quel caro aspetto
Il cor si pasce—e di sua cara voce
L'aura che spira mi ripete il suono.
(*Corre a prostrarsi sulla pietra d'Irminsul.*)

SCENA VI.

POLLIONE, FLAVIO, e detta.

Flav. (Eccola—va—mi lascia—
Ragion non odo.) (*Flav. parte*)

Ada. (*veggendolo sbigottita.*) Oh! Pollion!

Pol. Che veggo

Ada. Piangevi tu!

Pol. Pregava.—Ah t'allontana,
Pregar mi lascia.

Pol. Un Dio tu preghi atroce,
Crudele, avverso al tuo desire e al mio.
O mia diletta! il Dio
Che invocar devi è Amor—

Ada. “Amor! deh! taci—
Ch'io più non toda.” (*Si allontana da lui.*)

Pol. E vuoi fuggirmi? e dove
Fuggir vuoi tu ch'io non ti segua!

Ada. Al tempio,

Pol. Ai sacri altari eh' io sposar giura.

Ada. Gli altari!—e il nostro amor?

Ada. Io l' obbliai.

Pol. Va, crudele, e al Dio spietato
Offri in dote il sangue mio
Tutto, ah! tutto ei sia versato,
Ma lasciarti non poss'io:
Sol promessa al Dio tu fosti—
Ma il tuo cuore a me si diè—
Ah! non sai quel che mi costì
Perch'io mai rinunzi a te

All. Let it sound—and may not one
Of the foes escape our rage.
Struck by our revengful weapons
The Proconsul first shall fall

Nor. Yes; he shall—I can him punish—
(But my heart still feels too weak.)
(Ah! true to me return,
As when we first did love;
And I against all the world
Will stand in thy defence.)
(Ah! sweet, to me return
With thy serene regards,
And heaven, and life, and country,
I'll find in thy dear presence.)

Chorus. Be not so late to come,
Oh, moment of revenge!
Thou hasten it, O God!
Who has signed the fall of Rome.
(*Exit NORMA, and all follow in order.*)

SCENE V.

Enter ADALGISA.

ADA. The sacred rites are over, the groves are clear?
I can at last, unseen, give vent to my warm sighs!
Where first I did behold that fatal Roman
Who made me rebel 'gainst my faith and God
At least for the last time should he now come
But vain desire: a force above my strength
Here draws my heart and steps,
My fancy is fed with his charming image,
And every breath of air
Brings to my ears the sound of his sweet voice:
(*She runs to kneel at the altar of Irminsul.*)
Protect me thou, oh God! or I am lost.

SCENE VI.

Enter POLLIO and FLAVIO.

POL. Behold her—go—leave me; I'll hear no reason.
(*To FLAV. who exits immediately*)

ADA. (*agitated at seeing him.*) Oh, Pollio!

POL. What do I see? Thou wert in tears.

ADA. No; I was praying—withdraw—leave me,
leave me.

POL. A cruel god thou prayest,
Averse to our desires.
O my beloved, the god
Thou shouldst invoke is Love.

ADA. Lovel' oh! be silent.
I can no longer list thy words. (*Retiring*)

POL. And wilt thou fly from me?
But whither wilt thou fly, that I should not
follow thy steps!

ADA. To the temple; yes, to the sacred altars,
That I have sworn to espouse.

POL. The altars! and our love—

ADA. I have forgotten it.

POL. Cruel one, to thy fierce God
Go, and offer up my blood.
All—yes, all, let it be shed;
But leave thee, that I cannot.
To thy God thou wert but promised;
But thy heart was given to me;
Ah! too dear thou art to me;
Ne'er I shall renounce thy love.

ADA E tu pure, ah! tu non sai
Quanto costi a me dolente!
All' altare che oltraggiai
Lieta andava ed innocente—
Il pensiero al ciel s'ergea,
Il mio Dio vedeva in ciel—
Or per me spengiura e rea
Cielo e Dio ricopre un vel.
POL. Ciel più puro e Dei migliori
T' offro in Roma, ov'io mi reco.
ADA Parti forse!
POL. Ai nuovi albòri—
ADA Parti, ed io!—
POL. Tu vieni meco.
De' tuoi riti è Amor più santo—
A lui cedi, ah! cedi a me.
ADA Ah non dirlo. (Più commossa.)
POL. Il dirò tanto
Che ascoltato io sia da te.
POL. Vieni in Roma, ah! vieni, o cara—
(Con tutta la tenerezza.)
Dove è amore, è gioia, è vita.
Inebbiam nostri' alme a gara
Del contento a cui ne invita—
Voce in cor parlar non senti,
Che promette eterno ben!
Ah! dà fede ai dolce accenti—
Sposo tuo mi stringi al sen.
ADA. (Ciel! così parlar l' ascolto—
Sempre, ovunque, al tempio istesso—
Con quegli occhi, con quel volto
Fin sull' ara il veggio impresso—
Ei trionfa del mio pianto,
Del mio duol vittoria ottien—
Ah! mi toglì al dolce incanto,
O l'error perdona almen.)
POL. Adalgisa!
ADA. "Ah, ai risparmi
Tua pietà maggior corloglio."
POL. Adalgisa! e vuoi lasciarvi?
ADA. Nol poss'io—seguir ti voglio.
POL. Qui—domani, all' ora istessa—
Verrai tu?
ADA. Ne fo promessa.
POL. Giura.
ADA. Giuro.
POL. Oh! mio contento!
Ti rammenta—
ADA. Ah mi rammento—
POL. Al mio Dio sarò spengiura,
Ma fedele a te sarò
POL. L'amor tuo mi rassicura;
E il tuo Dio sfidar saprà (Partono.)

SCENA VII.

Abitazione di NORMA.

NORMA e CLOTILDE.

(Raccono per mano due piccoli fanciulli.)

NOR. Vanne e li cels entrambi—Oltre l' usato
Io tremo d' abbracciarli—
CLO. E qual ti turba
Strano timor, che i figli tuoi rigetti?
NOR. Non so—diversi affetti
Strazian quest'alma. Amo in un punto ed odio
I figli miei—Soffro in vederli, e soffro
S'io non li veggio. Non provato mai
Sento un diletto ed un dolore insieme
D'esser lor madre.

ADA. And thou too canst not imagine
How much pain thou costest me.
To the altar I have outraged
I repaired with purest joy;
All my thoughts to heaven were raised,
And my God I there beheld.
Now from me, forsworn and impious,
Heaven and God are quite concealed
POL. Purer heavens and better gods
Rome affords, where now I go.
ADA. Dost thou depart?
POL. At day-break.
ADA. Thou departest—and I!
POL. Thou comest with me. Than thy rites love is
holier; to it yield, and yield to me.
ADA. Ah! speak not thus. (Agitated.)
POL. I shall ever this repeat, until thou art forced to
listen.
Come to Rome, my dearest, come,
Where are love, and joy, and life;
Let our senses be enraptured
With the pleasure that invites us;
Hear'st thou not an inward voice,
Which ensures us lasting bliss?
Ah! give ear to these sweet accents,
And embrace thy faithful lover
ADA. Heavens! thus I hear him speak
Ever, and e'en in the temple!
Those sweet eyes and that dear face
I behold even at the altar.
He does triumph over my tears.
Over my grief obtains the victory,
Ah! free me from this enchantment,
Or at least my error pardon.
POL. Adalgisa!
ADA. Ah! let thy pity spare me from greater affliction.
POL. Adalgisa, wilt thou quit me?
ADA. I cannot. I must follow thee.
POL. Here, to-morrow, at this same hour, wilt thou
come?
ADA. I promise.
POL. Swear it.
ADA. I swear it.
POL. Oh, great delight!—Remember.
ADA. Ah! I remember.
To my God I shall be perjured:
But to thee I shall be faithful.
POL. By this love my heart is sadden'd,
And thy God I shall defy. (Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.

NORMA'S dwelling.

Enter NORMA and CLOTILDE with two children.

NOR. Away, and hide them both. My heart does
tremble
Still more than ever it did, embracing them.
CLO. What strange emotion does thy feelings trouble
That thou spurnest thus thy children?
NOR. I know not.
Affections various rend my troubled soul;
At the same time I love and hate my children
Alike I suffer in seeing or not seeing them.
Alike a pleasure and a grief I feel:
I never felt before to be their mother.

CLO. E madre sei!
 NOR. Nol fossi!
 CLO. Qual rio contrasto!—
 NOR. Immaginar non puoi
 O mia Clotilde! richiamato al Tebro
 E Pollion.

CLO. E teco ei parte?
 NOR. Ei tace
 Il suo pensier,—Oh! s'ei fuggir tentasse—
 E qui lasciarmi?—se obbligar potes e
 Questi suoi figli?
 CLO. E il credi tu?
 NOR. Non l'oso.
 È troppo tormentoso,
 Troppo orrendo un tal dubbio—Alcun s'avanza.
 Va—li ceda.
 (CLO. parte coi fanciulli. NOR. li abbraccia.)

SCENA VIII.

ADALGISA e NORMA.

NOR. Adalgisa!
 ADA. (da lontano.) (Alma, costanza.)
 NOR. T' inoltra, o giovinetta,—
 T' inoltra—E perchè tremi?—Udii che grave
 A me segreto palesar tu voglia.
 ADA. È ver.—Ma, deh! ti spoglia
 Della celeste austerità che splende
 Negli occhi tuoi—dammi coraggio, ond'io
 Senz' alcun velo ti palesi il core.
 (Si prostra: NOR. la solleva.)
 NOR. Mi abbraccia, e parla. Che t' affligge?
 ADA. (dopo un momento d'itazione.) Amore—
 Non t'irritar—Lunga stagion pugnai
 Per soffocarlo—ogni mia forza ei vinse—
 Ogni rimorso. Ah! tu non sai pur dianzi
 Qual giuramento io feci—fuggir dal tempio—
 Tradir l'altare a cui son io legata,
 Abbandonar la patria.
 NOR. Ah! sventurata!
 Del tuo primier mattino
 Già turbato è il sereno? E come e quando
 Nacque tal fiamma in te?
 ADA. Da un solo sguardo,
 Da un sol sospiro, nella sacra selva,
 A' piè dell' ara ov' io pregava il Dio.
 Tremai—sul labbro mio
 Si arrestò la preghiera: e tutta assorta
 In quel leggiadro aspetto, un altro cielo
 Mirar credetti, un altro cielo in lui.
 NOR. (Oh rimembranza! io fui
 Così rapita al sol mirarlo in volto.)
 ADA. Ma non mi ascolti tu?
 NOR. Segui—t'ascolto.
 ADA. Sola, furtiva, al tempio
 Io l'aspettai sovente;
 Ed ogni dì più fervida
 Crebbe la fiamma ardente.
 (Io stessa—anch'io
 Arsi così l'incanto suo fu il mio.)
 ADA. Vieni, ei dicea, concedi
 Ch'io mi ti prostri ai piedi,
 Lascia che l'aura spiri
 De' dolci tuoi sospiri,
 Del tuo bel erin le anella
 Dammi poter baciare.
 NOR. (Oh cari accenti!
 Così li profferia—
 Così trovava del mio cor la via.)

CLO. Art thou their mother truly?
 NOR. Would that I were not so!
 CLO. What cruel contrast!
 NOR. It cannot be imagined. Dear Clotilde,
 Recalled again is Pollio to the Tiber.
 CLO. And art thou going with him?
 NOR. He does not speak his thoughts.
 Oh! if he should attempt to leave me alone
 To fly—should he forget his children here—
 CLO. Thinkest thou he can do this?
 NOR. No; I dare not.
 Too grievous, too tormenting is this doubt!
 Some one approaches; go, conceal these children.
 (Exit CLO. with the children.)

SCENE VIII.

Enter ADALGISA.

NOR. Adalgisa!
 ADA. (at a distance.) (My soul, be not dismayed?)
 NOR. Advanced young maiden; come. Why dost thou
 tremble?
 I heard that some great secret
 To me thou would'st reveal.
 ADA. 'Tis true; but lay aside
 That holy austerity that sparkles in thine eyes.
 First give me courage,
 That I may unfold my heart without restraint.
 (ADA. prostrates herself. NOR. raises her.)
 NOR. Embrace me, and speak. What is thy cruel grief?
 ADA. (After a moment's hesitation.)
 Love. Be not angry. To subdue it, long
 I struggled; but my efforts, my remorse
 He conquered. Ah! thou little knowest what
 I have just made! To leave the sacred temple,
 The altar to betray to which I am bound,
 My country to forsake.
 NOR. Unhappy girl!
 Already clouded is thy dawn of life!
 But when and how this flame thy breast has
 kindled?
 ADA. A single look, a single sigh inspired
 This love in me, while in the sacred wood,
 Before the altar I was praying our God—
 I trembled—on my lips the prayer stopped,
 And, all absorbed in his enchanting countenance,
 Another heaven in him, another God
 Methought I viewed.
 NOR. (O recollection! I
 Was thus enchanted when I saw thee.)
 ADA. But thou dost not hear me!
 NOR. Go on, I hear.
 ADA. Alone within the temple,
 Often for him I waited;
 Every day more fervid
 Beamed the ardent flame.
 NOR. I too was thus enraptured.
 ADA. Ah! come, said he, let me
 Prostrate before thy feet:
 Ah! come, grant me to breathe
 The air of thy soft sighs
 Grant me thy beauteous ringlets
 To kiss.
 NOR. (O dearest accents!
 Thus did he speak to me,
 And thus my heart won.)

ADA. Dolci qual arpa armonica
M'ersu le sue parole;
Negli occhi suoi sorridere
Vedeo più bello un sole.
Io fui perduta e il sono;
D'upo ho del tuo perdona.
Deh! tu mi reggi e guida,
Me rassicura, o sgrida,
Salvami da me stessa
Salvami dal mio cor.

NOR. Ah! tergi il pianto;
Alma non trovi di pietade avara,
Te ancor non lega eterno nodo all'ara.

a 2

NOR. Ah si, fa core, abbracciami;
Perdono e ti compiangio;
Dai voti tuoi ti libero,
I tuoi legami io frango.
Al caro oggetto unita
Vivrai felice ancor.

ADA. Ripeti, o ciel, ripetimi
Sì lusinghieri accenti;
Per te, per te s'acquetano
I lunghi miei tormenti.
Tu rendi a me la vita,
Se non è colpa amor.

NEU. Ma di—l'amato giovane
Quale fra noi si nomia?

ADA. Culla ei non ebbe in Gallia—
Roma gli è patria—

NOR. Roma!
Ed ei prosegue—

SCENA IX.

POLLIONE e detta.

ADA. Il mira.

NOR. Eil Pollion!—

ADA. Qual ira?

NOR. Costui, costui dicesti?
Ben io compresi?

ADA. Ah! sì.

POL. Misera tel che festi?
(*inoltrandosi ad ADA.*)

ADA. Io!—
(*Alcuni momenti di silenzio. POL. è confuso, ADA. treante e NOR. furente.*)

NOR. Oh non tremare, o perfido,
No, non tremar per lei—
Essa non è colpevole,
Il malattor tu sei—
Tremar per te, fellone—
Pei figli tuoi—per me—

ADA. Che ascolto?—ah! Pollione!
Taci! t'arreti!—ahimè!
(*Si copre il volto colle mani. NOR. l'afferma per un braccio, e la costringe a mirar POL. egli la segue.*)

NOR. Oh! di qual sei tu vittima
Crudo e funesto inganno!
Pria che costui conoscere,
T'era il morir men danno.
Fonte d'eterne lagrime
L'empio a te pure asperse—
D'orribil vel coperse
L'aurora de' tuoi di.

ADA. Soft as the harp's sweet sounds
Did flow his charming accents;
More brilliant than the sun
His eyes appeared to me.
I was, and still I am lost!
Thy pardon I beseech,
Be thou my guide, my help,
Have pity, or scold me,
But save me from myself,
But save me from my heart!

NOR. Oh! dry those tears. Thou findest
A soul not closed to pity.
Not yet eternal bonds
To the altar bind thy days.

Ah! yes, cheer up, embrace me,
I pity and pardon thee,
I free thee from thy vows,
And all thy bonds I break;
United to thy love,
Mayest thou most happy live.

ADA. Repeat, O heaven! repeat
Those sweet and flattering accents
For thee to calm returns
The tempest of my heart;
Thou life to me returnest,
If love is not a crime.

NOR. But say—this youth beloved
How among us is named?

ADA. He was not born in Gaul,
Rome is his country.

NOR. Rome!
His name—Proceed.

SCENE IX.

Enter POLLIO.

ADA. See him.

NOR. He Pollio!

ADA. Alas! what rage!

NOR. This man—this man, thou sayest—
Have I well heard?

ADA. Ah! yes.

POL. Alas! what hast thou done?
(*Drawing near ADALGISA.*)

ADA. I—
(*Some moments of silence. POL. is confused, ADA. trembling, and NOR. enraged.*)

NOR. Dost thou fear? for whom? (To POL.)
Ah, tremble not, O ungrateful,
Ah, tremble not for her.
She is not the guilty one,
Thou art the sad betrayer;
Wretch, for thyself—thy children
Must tremble—and for me.

ADA. What do I hear?—Ah! Pollio
Thou hast no words! alas!
(*ADA. covers her face with her hands, NOR. seizes her by the arm and compels her to look on POL. The latter follows her.*)

NOR. Oh! of what art thou the victim
Most cruel and fatal error!
Before knowing this man
Death would have been less dreadful.
A source of endless tears
The wretch to thee has opened,
With horrid clouds he shaded
The morn of thy sweet life.

ADA Oh! qual traspare orribile
 Dal tuo parlar mistero!
 Trema il mio cor di chiedere,
 Trema d' udir il vero—
 Tutta comprendo, o misera,
 Tutta la mia sventura—
 Essa non ha misura,
 Se m' ingannò così.

POL Norma, de' tuoi rimproveri
 Segno non farmi addesso.
 Deh! a questa afflitta vergine
 Sia respirar concesso—
 Copra a quell' alma ingenua,
 Copra nostr' onte un velo—
 Giudichi solo il cielo
 Qual più di noi fallì.

NOR Perfido!

POL Or basti. *(per allontanarsi.)*

NOR Fermati.

POL Vieni. *(afferra ADALGISA.)*

ADA Mi lascia, scostati—
(dividendosi da lui.)

POL Qual io mi fossi obbligo—
 L'amante tuo son io. *(con tutto il fuoco.)*
 E mio destino amarti—
 Destin costel fuggir.

NOR Ebben: lo compi—e parti. *(Reprimendo il furore.)*
 Seguilo. *(ad ADALGISA.)*

ADA Ah! pria morir.

NOR Vanne, sì: mi lascia, indegno, *(Prorompendo.)*
 Figli obblia, promesse, onore—
 Maledetto dal mio sdegno
 Non godrai d' un empio amore.
 Te sull' onde, te sui venti
 Seguiran mie furie ardenti;
 Mia vendetta e notte e giorno
 Ruggirà d'intorno a te.

POL Freni pure, e engoscia eterna *(Disperatamente.)*
 Pur m' imprechi il tuo furore!
 Questo amor che mi governa
 E di te, di me maggiore—
 Dio non v'ha che mali inventi
 De' miei mali più cocenti—
 Maledetto io fu quel giorno
 Che il destin t'offesse a me.

ADA Ah! non fia, non fia ch' io costi *(Supplichevole a NORMA.)*
 Al tuo cor sì rio dolore—
 Mari e monti sian frapposti
 Fra me sempre e il traditore.
 Soffocar saprò i lamenti,
 Divorar i miei tormenti:
 Morrò perchè ritorno
 Faccia il crudo ai figli e a te.

Cori di dentro

Norma! all' aral!—In suon feroce
 D' Irmisul tuonò la voce.
 Suon di morte! a te s'intima.

NOR } Fuggi, va—qui pronta ell' è.

ADA } Si, la sprezzo, sì, ma prima

POL } Mi cadrà—il tuo nume al piè.
(Squillano i sacri bronzi del Tempio. NORMA è chiamata ai riti. Ella respinge d'un braccio POLLIONE, e gli accenna di uscire. POLLIONE si allontana furente.)

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

ADA O what a dreadful mystery,
 Transpires in thy dark words;
 My heart dares not to ask,
 Dares not to hear the truth
 All I comprehend, alas!
 The extent of my misfortune;
 My woes will have no end,
 If thus I was deceived.

POL Ah, Norma! of thy reproaches
 Don't make me now the object;
 From this afflicted virgin
 Don't take the breath away.
 Let's hide from her pure breast
 Her shame beneath a veil;
 Let heaven alone decide
 Which is of us most guilty.

NOR Perfidious one!

POL Enough!

NOR Hold! thou can'st not escape me.

POL *(seizes ADA.)*—Come.

ADA *(getting free from him.)* Leave me, hence, away.
 Thou art the spouse of Norma,
 What passed I have forgotten.
 Thy lover now I am. *(With fire.)*
 To love thee 'tis my fate,
 My fate to fly from her.

NOR Well then I do so—depart—
(Restraining her fury. To ADA.)
 Follow him. Ah! first I'll die.

NOR *(in great rage.)* Go—quit me, unworthy man,
 Promise, honor, sons forget;
 Curs'd by my just indignation,
 Thou shalt not thy love enjoy;
 On the wave, and on the winds,
 Thee my burning rage will follow,
 And my vengeance night and day
 Will around thee ever howl.

POL *(in despair.)* Rage thou mayest, and endless woe
 Imprecate upon my head;
 But this love that rules my soul
 Is far greater than us both;
 No God can invent torments
 Those approaching which I feel.
 I was curs'd that day, that moment,
 When my eyes did thee behold.

ADA Oh! that I may never cause
 To thy heart such a deep grief;
 The vast ocean, hills, and mountains,
 May divide me from that traitor—
 My laments I shall suppress,
 I shall hide all my torments,
 I will die, if he'll return
 To thy children and to thee.

(Chorus from within.) To the altar, Norma! Loudly
 Did the voice of heaven thunder.

NOR } Sound of death to thee is warning

ADA } Hence away—for 'tis at hand!

POL } Yes, I scorn it—yes—but first
 At my feet thy god shall fall.
(The sacred bells sound from the Temple. NORMA is called to the rites. She repulses POLLIO with one arm, intimating him to retire. POLLIO withdrawing with rage.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A T T O II.

SCENA I.

Interno dell' abitazione di NORMA. Du una parte un letto romano coperto di pelle d' orso. I figli di NORMA sono addormentati.

NORMA *con una lampa e un pugnale alla mano.*
Siede e posa la lampa sopra una tavola. E pallida, contristata, ec.

Dormono entrambi—non vedran la mano
Che li percuote.—Non pentirti, o core;
Viver non ponno—Qui supplizio, e in Roma
Obbrobrio avrian, peggior supplizio assai—
Schiavi d' una matrigua.—Ah! no: giammai

(*Sorge.*)

Muoiano, sì. Non posso

(*Per un passo e si ferma.*)

Avvicinarmi; un gel mi prende, e in fronte
Mi si solleva il crin.—I figli uccido!—
Teneri figli—in questo sen concetti

(*Intenerendosi.*)

Da questo sei nutriti—*eco!*, pur dianzi
Delizia mia—Essi nel cui sorriso
Il perdono del ciel mirar credei!—
Io, io, li svenerei!—*chi* son rei?
Di Pollion son figli;
Ecco il delitto. Essi per me son morti!
Muoiar per lui:
E non sia pena *e* la suo somigli.
Feriam—

(*Si incammina verso il letto: alza il pugnale;
essa dà un grido inorridito: i figli si svegliano.*)

Ah! no—son figli miei!—miei figli!

(*Li abbraccia e piange.*)

Clotilde!

SCENA II.

CLOTILDE *e detta.*

NOR. Corri—vola—
Adalgisa a me guida.

CLO. Ella qui presso
Solitaria si aggira, e prega e plora.

NOR. Si emendi il mio fallo—e poi—si mora.
(*CLOTILDE parte.*)

SCENA III.

ADALGISA *e NORMA.*

ADA. Me chiami, O Norma!—Qual ti copre il volto
Tristo pallor!

NOR. Pallor di morte.—Io tutta
L'onta mia ti riveilo. Una preghiera sola.
Odi, o l'adempì, se pietà pur merta
Il presente rio duolo—e il duol futuro.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Interior of NORMA's dwelling. On one side a Roman couch, covered with bear skins. The children of NORMA are sleeping.

Enter NORMA with a lamp and a dagger in her hand.
She sits down and places the lamp on a table.
She is pale and distracted.

NOR. They both are sleeping—They will not the hand
Behold that strikes the blow. Repent thee not, my heart:

No longer they must live. Their lot would be
Here death, and worse than death, disgrace in Rome.
My children slaves to a step-mother!—Never.

(*She rises.*)

Let them die, yes.—Alas! I can't approach them!
(*advancing and stepping back*)

A chilly coldness runs through all my veins,
And from my forehead lifts my hair. I kill
My children! my dear children, in this bosom
Conceived, and nourished in this breast! my babes,
Who 'till this hour have been my sole delight,
In whose sweet smiles methought I saw the pardon
Of heaven! I to kill my dearest children!
Of what have they been guilty?

Ah! they are Pollio's sons—this is their crime.

They are dead to me; for him they must now die
And may he with remorse for *e*'er be stung.
Now will I strike.

(*She goes towards the couch and raises the dagger,
then utters a horrid scream, which awakes the children.*)

Ah! no; they are my children.

(*She embraces them, weeping.*)

Clotilde!

SCENE II.

Enter CLOTILDE.

NOR. Run, fly—bring hither Adalgisa.

CLO. She wanders near this spot in prayer and tears

NOR. Go—I'll my fault amend, and then expire.

(*CLO. exits.*)

SCENE III.

Enter ADALGISA.

ADA. Thou hast called me, oh, Norma!

What horrid paleness does thy face suffuse.
The paleness is of death. Now all my shame
I will to thee reveal. One prayer alone
Hear, and fulfil my wish, if for my present
And for my future woes thou canst feel pity

ADA. Tutto, tutto io prometto.

NOR. Il giura.

ADA. Il giuro.

NOR. Odi.—Purgar quest' aura
Contaminata dalla mia presenza
Ho risoluto, nè trar meco io posso
Questi infelici—a te gli affido—

ADA. O cielo!
A me gli affidi?

NOR. Nel Romano campo
Guidali a lui—che nominar non oso.

ADA. Oh! che mai chiedi?

NOR. Sposo
Ti sia men crudo; io gli perdono, e more.

ADA. Sposol—Ah! non mai—

NOR. Pei figli suoi l' imploro.

Deh! con te, con te li prendi—

Li sostieni, li difendi—
Non ti chiedo onori e fasci;
A' tuoi figli fian serbati:
Prego sol che i miei non lasci
Schiavi, abbiatti, abbandonati—
Basti a te che disprezzata,
Che tradita io fui per te.

ADA. Normal! ah! Norma, ancora amata,
Madre ancor sarai per me,
Tienti i figli. Non fia mai
Ch' io mi tolga a queste arene.

NOR. Tu giurasti—

ADA. Sì, giurai—
Ma il tuo bene, il sol tuo bene.
Vado al campo, ed all' ingrato
Tutti io reco i tuoi lamenti.
La pietà che mi hai destato
Parlerà sublimi accenti—
Spera, spera—amor, natura
Ridestarsi in lui vedrai—
Del suo cor son io secuta—
Norma ancor vi regnerà.

NOR. Ch' io lo preghi?—Ah! no: grammai.
Più non t' odo,—parti—va.

ADA. Mira, O Norma, ai tuoi ginocchi
Questi cari pargoletti.
Ah! pietà di lor ti tocchi
Se non hai di te pietà.

NOR. Ah! perchè la mia costanza
Vuoi scemar con molli affetti?
Più lusinghe, più speranza
Presso a morte un cor non ha.

ADA. Cedi—deh! cedi.

NOR. Ah! lasciami.—

Ei t' ama.

E già sen pente.

NOR. E tu?—

ADA. Lo amai—quest' anima
Sol l' amistade or sente.

NOR. O giovinetta!—E vuoi?—

ADA. Renderti i dritti tuoi,
O teo al cielo e agli uomini
Giuro celarmi ognor.

NOR. Hai vinto—hai vinto—abbracciami.
Trovo un' amica ancor.

Sì, fino all' ore estreme
Compagna tua m' avrai;
Per ricovrarci insieme
Ampia è la terra assai.
Teco del Fato all' onte,
Ferma opporrò la fronte,
Finchè il mio core a battere
Io senta sul tuo cor.

(Partono.)

ADA. All, all I promise.

NOR. Swear.

ADA. I swear

NOR. Now listen.

I have resolved to purify this air,
Polluted by my presence; but I cannot
These most unhappy children take with me,
I trust them to thy care.

ADA. Oh! heavens! to my care?

NOR. Yes, in the Roman camp,
Lead them to him whose name I dare not say

ADA. Oh! what dost thou ask me?

NOR. A husband may he prove to thee less cruel;
I pardon him and die.

ADA. My husband! never.

NOR. I implore it for his children.
Pray take them under thy care,
Be their help and their defence,
Not for honors I crave thee;
Let those be thy children's portion;
Only I ask that thou wilt not
Leave my sons as slaves abandoned:
Suffice it that I have been
For thee alone betrayed and scorned

ADA. Norma! Oh! Norma, still beloved.
Still a mother thou shalt be,
Keep thy children—Never I
Shall this sacred spot abandon.

NOR. Thou hast sworn.

ADA. Yes, I have sworn—

But thy happiness, thy good.
To the camp I will now go
And to him thy woes reveal.
The great pity I feel for thee
In convincing words will plead.
Hope—yes, hope—love and nature
Shall rekindle in his breast.
Norma, well I know his heart;
Thou again shalt have its reign.

NOR. Shall I pray to him! Ah! never.
I no longer hear thee—away.

ADA. See, O Norma, at thy feet.
These thy children, sweet and dear;
Have for them some sense of pity,
If thou hast none for thyself.

NOR. Ah! why wilt thou shake my courage
With these soft affecting words!
No more feelings, no more hopes,
Can inspire a heart which is dying.

ADA. Yield, oh, yield!

NOR. Alas! leave me.

He loves thee.

He now repents.

NOR. And thou?—

ADA. I loved him—but now
Friendship only I feel for him.

NOR. Oh, young maiden, and wouldst thou?—

ADA. To thee render back thy rights,
Or with thee, from heaven and men
Hidden, I swear forever to live.

NOR. Thou hast vanquished—embrace me;
Once more I find a friend.

Both. Yes, until the last hours
I shall be thy companion;
To shelter us together
The earth is wide enough:
With thee, against my fate
I'll firmly hold my head,
Until I feel my heart
Vibrate upon thy own.

(Escono.)

SCENA IV.

Luogo solitario presso il bosco dei Druidi, cinto da burroni e da caverna. In fondo un lago attraversato da un ponte di pietra.

Guerrieri e Galli.

Uro I. Non parti!

II. Finora è al campo
Tutto il dice. I ferì carni,
Il fragore, il suon dell'armi,
Delle insegne il venticitar.

Tutti. Attendiam: un breve inciampo
Non ci turbi, non si arresti
E in silenzio il cor si appresti
La grand'opra a consumar.

SCENA V.

OROVI SO e Detti.

Oro. Guerrieri! a voi venirne
Credete foriero d'avveir migliore.
Il generoso ardore,
L'ira che in sen vi bolle
Io credea secondar; ma il Dio nol volle.

Oro. Come! E le nostre selve
L'abborrito Proconsole non lascia?
Non riede a Tebro?

Uro. Un più temuto e fero

Lazio condottiero
A Polion succede, e di novelle
Possenti legioni
Afforza il campo che ne tien prigion.

Oro. E Norma il sa? di pace
È consigliera ancor?

Oro. Invan di Norma
La mente investigai.

Oro. E che far pensi?
Oro. Al fato
Piegar la fronte, separarci, e nullo
Lasciar sospetto del fallito intento.

Oro. E finger sempre?
Oro. Amara legger il seuto.

Ahi del Tebro al giogo indegno
Fremo io pure, e all'armi anelo;
Ma nemico è sempre il cielo,
Ma consiglio è il simular.

Divoriamo in cor lo sdegno,
Tal che Roma estinto il creda;
Di varrà che desto ei rieda
Più tremendo a divampar.

Oro. Si fingiam, se il finger giovi;
Ma il furore in sen si cova.
Guai per Roma allor che il segno
Dia dell'armi il sacro altar!

(*Partono.*)

SCENA VI.

Tempio d'Irminsul.—Ara da un lato.

NORMA, indi CLOTILDE.

Nor. Ei tornerà—Sì, mia fidanza è posta
In Adalgisa: e tornerà pentito,
Supplichevole, amante. Oh! a tal pensiero
Sparisce il nuvol nero
Che mi premea la fronte, e il Sol m'arride,
Come del primo amor nei dì felici. (*Esce Cla.*)
Clotilde!

SCENE IV.

A solitary Place, surrounded with Rocks and Caverns, and near the Druids' Wood. In the distance, a Lake, with a stone Bridge over it.

Warriors and Gauls.

Cho. 1. Has he left?

2. He is not yet gone.
All say it: the warriors' song,
The great noise, the clash of arms,
And the waving of the flags.

All. Let us wait. This little hindrance
Must not trouble or stop our course;
But in silence let's prepare
The great work to consummate.

SCENE V.

Enter OROVESO.

Oro. My warriors brave! A messenger to you
Of better future I did hope to come;
That generous ardor that in your bosoms glow
I fondly hoped to second; but the God
Wills otherwise.

Cho. But how? our sacred wood
The abhorred Proconsul will not yet abandon
He to the Tiber does not yet return.

Oro. A Latin leader, still more feared and cruel,
To Pollio does succeed, and fresh, strong
legions
Reinforce the camp that keeps us prisoners.

Cho. And Norma does know this? and does she still
Give counsels of peace.

Oro. In vain did I consult the mind of Norma.

Cho. And what thinkest thou to do?

Oro. Submit to fate.
To separate, and of our feigned intentions
Let not the least suspicion transpire.

Cho. And thus for e'er dissemble.

Oro. It is a bitter law, I know it well.

At the Tiber yoke dishonoring
I rage too, and long for arms;
But 'gainst us is Heaven still,
And my counsel is to feign.

Let us stifle our indignation,
So that Rome may think it vanished;
Time will come when more fiercely
'Twill burst out and all consume.

Cho. Yes; let's feign, if this be useful;
But let brood in us our rage.
Woe to Rome, whenever the signal
Will our altar give to arms. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

Temple of Irminsul. An Altar on one side.

Enter NORMA, afterwards CLOTILDE.

Nor. He will return; my confidence is placed
In Adalgis; he will return, repentant
And supplicating lover. Oh! at this thought
All vanish the dark clouds
That hung over my head, and still the sun
Does smile as in my first sweet days of love.
Clotilde!

COL. O Norma!—Uopo è d' ardir.

NOR. Che dici?

CLO. Lassa!

NOR. Favella.

CLO. Indarno
Parlò Adalgisa, e pianse.

NOR. Ed io fidarmi
Di lei dovea? Di mano uscirmi, e bella
Del suo dolore presentarsi all' empio
Ella tramava.

CLO. Ella ritorna al tempio.
Trista, dolente implora
Di profferir suoi voti.

OR. Ed egli!

CLO. Ed egli
Rapirla giura anco all' altar del Nume.

NOR. Troppo il fellon presume.
Lo previen mia vendetta,—e qui di sangue—
Sangue Romano—scorreran torrenti.
(*Si espressa all' ara, e batte tre volte lo
scudo d' Irminsul.*)
Coro di dentro.

CLO. Squilla il bronzo del Dio!
Cielo! che tenti?

SCENA VII.

*Accorrono da varie parti OROVESO, i Druidi, i Bardi
e le Ministre. A poco a poco il tempio si riempie
d'armati. NORMA si colloca sull' altare.*

ORO. Norma! che fu? Pereosso
Lo scudo d' Irminsul, quali alla terra
Decreti intima?

NOR. Guerra,
Strage, sterminio.

ORO. E a noi pur dianzi pace
S' imponea pel tuo labbro!

NOR. Ed ira adesso,
Armi, furore o morti,
Il cantico di guerra alzate, o forti.
Guerra, guerra! Le galliche selve
Quante han quercie producon guerrier;
Quai sui greggi fameliche belve
Sui Romani van essi a cader.
Sangue, sangue! Le galliche seuri
Fino al tronco bagnate ne son.
Sovra i flutti del Ligeri impuri
Ei gorgolia con funebre suon.
Strage, strage, sterminio, vendetta!
Già comincia, si compie, si affretta.
Come biade da falei mietute
Son di Roma le schiere cadute.
Tronchi i vanni, recisi gli artigli,
Abbattuta ecco l' aquila al suol.
A mirar il trionfo dei figli
Viene il Dio solvra un raggio di Sol.

ORO. Nè compì il rite, o Norma?
Nè la vittima accenni?

NOR. Ella fia pronta.
Non mai l' altar tremendo
Di vittime mancò—Ma qual tumulto!

CLO. Oh, Norma, all thy courage now
Thou needest to call forth.

NOR. What dost thou say?

CLO. Alas!

NOR. Speak!

CLO. Adalgisa
In vain has prayed and wept.

NOR. And ought I to have placed my trust in her?
To let her 'scape my hand,
And, in her grief more charming,
Present herself to that most impious wretch!
Against me she did conspire.

CLO. In sorrow did she to the Temple come,
Implying to pronounce her sacred vowa.

NOR. And he!

CLO. The wretch presumes to bear her off,
E'en from the altar of her god.

NOR. Too much
He dares. My vengeance shall his plans destroy,
And here the Roman blood shall flow in torrents.
(*She approaches the altar, and three times strikes the
shield of Irminsul.*)

CHO. } The sacred shield resounds.

CLO. } What darest thou!

SCENE VII.

*Enter from various sides OROVESO, Druids, and
Priestesses.*

The Temple is gradually filled with Warriors.

NORMA takes her place on the Altar.

OR. What, Norma, does this mean?
The sounding shield of Irminsul on earth
What intimates?

NOR. War, slaughter, and destruction

OR. And yet to us but lately thy own lips
Commanded peace.

NOR. But now, arms, fury, and death
Let the hymn of battle, ye gallant warriors, raise
War! yes; war! the Gallie forests
As their oaks may pour the warriors;
As wolves upon the flock,
They will fall upon the Romans.
Blood! yes; blood! the Gallie axes
Are all drenched in Roman gore:
On the foul flood of the Liger
It does flow with mournful sound.
Slaughter! slaughter! vengeance now
Begins! hasten—'tis accomplished.
Like the corn beneath the sickle,
Shall the Roman legions fall;
With wings broken, talons cut,
To earth the eagle is hurled.
To behold his children's triumph,
Our god comes on a sun-ray.

OR. Dost thou not terminate thy rite, oh! Norma?
Nor indicate the victim?

NOR. It is ready.
The dreaded altar never was of victims
Yet deficient. But what's this noise?

SCENA VIII.

CLOTILDE frettolosa e detti.

Tro Al nostro tempio insulto
Fece un Romano: nella sacra chiostra
Delle vergini alunne egli fu colto.
Tutti Un Romano?
Nor. (Che ascolto!
Se mai foss' egli!)
Tutti A noi vien tratto.
Nor. (È desso.)

SCENA IX.

POLLIONE fra soldati e detti.

Oro. È Pollion!
Nor. (Son vendicata adesso.)
Oro. Sacrelego nemico, e chi ti spinse
A violar queste temute soglie,
A sfidar l'ira d' Irminsul?
Pol. Ferisci,
Ma non interrogarmi.
Nor. (velandosi.) Io ferir deggio.
Scostatevi.
Pol. Chi veggio?
Norma!
Nor. Sì, Norma.
Tutti. Il sacro ferro impugna.
Vendica il tempio e il Dio.
Nor. (Prende il pugnale dalle mani di OROVESO.)
Sì, feriamo. (*) Ah! (* Si arresta.)
Tutti. Tu tremi!
Nor. (Ah! non poss' io.)
Oro. Che fia? Perchè t'arresti?
Nor. (Poss' io sentir pietà!)
Coro. Ferisci
Nor. In deggio
Interrogarlo—investigar qual sia
L'insidiata o complice ministra
Che il profan persuase a fallo estremo.
Itte per poco.
Oro. } (Che fai pensa?)
Coro. }
Pol. (Io tremo.)
(ORO, e il Coro si ritirano. Il tempio rimane sgombro.)

SCENA X.

NORMA e POLLIONE.

Nor. In mia mano alfin tu sei:
Nim potria spezzar tuoi nodi.
Io lo posso.
Tu nol déi.
Pol. Io lo voglio.
Nor. Come!
Pol. M'odi.
Pel tuo Dio, pe' figli tuoi—
Giurar déi, che d' ora in poi—
Adalgisa fuggirai—
All' altar non la torrai—
E la vitati perdono—
E non più ti rivedrò.
Giura.
Pol. No: si vil non sono.
Nor. Giura, giura.

SCENE VIII.

Enter CLOTILDE in haste.

Clo. With impious foot a Roman dared to insult
Our temple. In the sacred cloisters found
He was of the young virgins.
All. A Roman!
Nor. (What do I hear? Should it be he?)
All. Here he comes.
Nor. The same.

SCENE IX.

Enter POLLIO, conducted by Soldiers.

Or. 'Tis Pollio.
Nor. (Now I am fully revenged.)
Or. Thou impious foe! what fate thy steps has urge
To violate this sacred spot,
And to defy the wrath of Irminsul?
Pol. Strike; but no questions ask.
Nor. (discovering herself.) I must strike him. W. t.
draw!
Pol. What do I see? Norma!
Nor. Yes; Norma.
All. Take thou the sacred sword;
Avenge thy god and temple!
Nor. (Taking the sword from OROVESO's hand.)
Yes; let me strike. Ah! (She steps
All. Thou tremblest, Norma!
Nor. (Alas! I cannot strike.)
Or. What's this! Wherefore dost thou now stop!
Nor. (How now? can I feel pity?)
All. Strike!
Nor. I must question him. I must find out
Who is the deceiver, or the accomplice priestess
Who the profane induced to this great crime
Awhile withdraw.
Or. } What does she mean?
Cho. }
Pol. I tremble.
(Or. and Chorus, exeat.)

SCENE X

NORMA and POLLIO.

Nor. In my power at length thou art;
No one could break thy chains;
But I can.
Pol. But thou must not
Nor. I will.
Pol. How!
Nor. Listen.
By thy God, and by thy childrer,
Thou must swear that from this moment
Adalgisa thou wilt fly,
And not bear her from the altar.
And thy life to thee I'll grant,
And I ne'er will see thee more.
Swear.
Pol. No; so vile I am not.
Nor. Swear—swear'

POL. Ah! pria merrà
 NOR. Non sai tu che il mio furore
 Passo il tuo!
 POL. Ch'ei piombi attendo.
 NOR. Non sai tu che si figli in core
 Questo ferror—
 POL. Oh, Dio, cheintendo.
 NOR. Sì, sovr' essi alzai la punta—
 Vedi—vedi—a che son giunta!
 Non ferii, ma tosto—adesso
 Cansumar poss'io l'eccesso—
 Un istante—e d'esser madre
 Mi poss'io dimenticar.
 POL. Ah! crudele, in sen del padre
 Il pugnàl tu dèi vibrar.
 A me il porgi.
 NOR. A te!
 POL. Che spento
 Cada io solo!
 NOR. Solo!—Tutti.
 I Romani a cento a cento
 Fian mietuti, fian distrutti—
 E Adalgisa—
 POL. Ahimè!
 NOR. Infedele
 A' suoi voti—
 POL. Ebben, crudele!
 NOR. Adalgisa fia punita;
 Nelle fiamme perirà.
 POL. Oh! ti prendi la mia vita.
 Ma di lei, di lei pietà.
 NOR. Preghi alfine! indegnol è tardi.
 Nel suo cor ti vo'ferire.
 Già mi pascio ne'tuoi sguardi
 Del tuo duol, del suo morire,
 Posso alfine, e voglio farti
 Infelice al par di me.
 POL. Ah! l'appaghi il mio terrore;
 Al tuo piè son io piangente
 In me sfoga il tuo furore,
 Ma risparmia un' innocente:
 Basti, ah! basti a vendicarti
 Ch'io mi sveni innanzi a te.
 Dammi quel ferro.
 NOR. Sorgi:
 Scostati.
 POL. Il ferro, il ferro!
 NOR. Olà, ministri.
 Sacerdoti, accorate.

SCENA ULTIMA.

Ritornano OROVESO, e DRUIDI, e BARDI, e i GUERRIERI.

NOR. All'ira vostra
 Nuova vittima io svelo. Una spergiuara
 Sacerdotesa i sacri voti infranse,
 Tradi la patria, il Dio degli avi offese,
 Tutti. Oh! delitto! oh! furor! Ni sia pelese.
 NOR. Sì, preparate il rogo.
 POL. Oh! ancor ti prego—
 Norma pietà.
 Tutti. Ne svela il nome.
 NOR. (Io rea
 L'innocente accusar del fallo mio?)
 Tutti. Parla: chi è dessa?
 POL. An! non lo dir— Son io.
 NOR. Tu, Norma!
 ORO. Io stesso. Il rogo ergete.

POL. Ah! first I'll die.
 NOR. Know'st thou not that my fury
 Surpasses thine.
 POL. Then let it fall.
 NOR. Dost thou not know that in thy children's *best*
 This dagger—
 POL. Oh, God! what do I hear!
 NOR. Yes; over them I raised the dagger—
 See to what I have been driven.
 I struck not—But soon—e'en now
 I the deed could perpetrate—
 One instant—that I am a mother,
 All remembrance I could lose.
 POL. Ah! dread woman! in this heart
 Rather let thy dagger fall.
 Give it to me!
 NOR. To thee!
 POL. That I
 Alone may fall!
 NOR. Alone!—All—
 The Romans all, by hundreds,
 Yes, shall fall, and be destroyed.
 And Adalgisa—
 POL. Oh, heavens!
 NOR. A traitress
 To her vows—
 POL. Speak, cruel!
 NOR. Adalgisa shall be punished;
 In flames shall she expire.
 POL. Oh! my life take;
 But on her, on her have mercy.
 NOR. At last thou prayest! base man! 'tis late.
 Through her's thy heart I'll pierce.
 On thy looks I feed my soul,
 With thy pain, and her just death.
 Yes, at last I can and will
 Make thee as wretched as myself.
 POL. Ah! with my terror be content;
 At thy feet I shed my tears;
 All thy fury on me vent;
 But the innocent, oh, spare.
 Ah! let it thy wrath appease,
 If I lifeless fall before thee
 Give me the dagger.
 NOR. Arise;
 Begone.
 POL. The dagger—give it me!
 NOR. To me,
 Ye ministers and priests, all here attend

SCENE THE LAST.

Re-enter OROVESO, the Druids, Bards, and Warriors

NOR. To your just wrath
 A new victim I make known. A perjured
 Priestess her sacred vows hath violated,
 Her native land betrayed,
 And has insulted her forefathers' god!
 ALL. Oh, blasphemy! Oh, fury! make her known.
 NOR. Yes, the pile prepare.
 POL. Oh! again I supplicate—
 Norma, have mercy.
 ALL. Her name declare.
 NOR. (I guilty
 The innocent accuse?)
 ALL. Speak! say who is she?
 POL. Ah! do not say—
 NOR. Thee! Norma!
 ORO. Myself. The pile prepare

Coro. (D' orrore io gelo.)
Pol. (Mi manca il cor.)
Tutti. Tu delinquente!
Pol. Non le credete.
Nor. Norma non mente.
Oro. Oh! mio rossor!
Nor. Qual cor tradisti, qual cor perdesti

Quest' ora orrenda ti manifesti.
 Da me fuggire tentasti invano;
 Crudel Romano tu sei con me.
 Un nunc, un fato di te più forte
 Ci vuole uniti in vite e in morte.
 Sul rogo istesso che mi divora,
 Sotterra ancora sarò con te.

Ah! troppo tardi t'ho conosciuta—
 Sublime donna, io t'ho perduta—
 Col mio rimorso è amor rinato,
 Più disperato, furente egli è.
 Moriamo insieme, ah! sì, moriamo;
 L' estremo accento sarà ch'io t'amo.
 Ma tu morendo non m' abborrire,
 Pria di morire perdona a me.

Oro. Oh! in te ritorna, ci rassicura;
Coro. Canuto padre te ne scongiura:
 Di' che deliri, di' che tu menti,
 Che stolti accenti uscir da te.
 Il Dio severo che qui t'intende,
 Se stassi muto, se il tuon sospende,
 Indizio è questo, indizio espresso
 Che tanto eccesso punir non de'.

Oro. Norma!—deh! Norma! scolpati—
 Taci? ne ascolti appena?
Nor. Cielò! e i miei figli!

(*Suotendosi con un grido.*)

Pol. Ah! miseri!
Nor. I nostri figli? (*Volgendosi a Pol.*)
Pol. Oh pena!
Coro. Norma sei rea?
Nor. (*disperatamente.*) Sì, e a,
 Oltre ogni umana idea

Oro. }
Coro. } Empia!

Nor. Tu m' odì.
Oro. Sostati.
Nor. Deh m'odi!
Oro. Oh! mio dolor!
Nor. Son madre— (*Piano ad Oro.*)
Oro. Madre!
Nor. Acquetati.

Clotilde ha i figli miei—
 Tu li raccogli—e ai barbari
 L'invola insiem con lei—
Oro. Giannmai—giannmai—va—laciarmi.
Nor. Ah padre!—un priego ancor. (*S'inginoc.*)
 Deh! non volerli vittime
 Deh! mio fatale errore—
 Deh! non troncar sul fiore
 Quell' innocente età.
 Grazia per lor non credere
 Vita così concessa:
 Dono crudele è dessa,
 Vita di duol sara.
 Pensa che son tuo sangue—
 Del sangue tuo pietà
 Padre! tu piangi!

Oro. Oppresso è il core.
Nor. Piangi, e perdona.
Oro. Ha vinto amore.
Nor. Ah! tu perdoni.—Quel pianto il dice.
Pol. *Non.* Io più non chiedo.—Io son felice.

Contento il rogo—ascenderà.

Oro. Ah! consolarmene—mai non potrò.

Cho. (With horror I am seized.)
Pol. (My heart fails)
All. Thee an offender!
Pol. Do not believe it.
Nor. Falsehoods Norma never utters.
Oro. Oh! my shame!
Nor. The heart thou hast betrayed—the heart thou

hast lost—
 This horrid hour to thee may clearly show.
 From me to fly in vain thou didst attempt—
 O, cruel Roman, thou art with me still.

A God, whose power far surpasses mine,
 In life and death decrees we shall be united
 On the same pile that now devours my life,
 And even in the grave we shall be joined.

Pol. Alas! too late thy worth I have discovered—
 Oh, woman! more sublime, I have lost thee,
 With deep remorse my love again awakes—
 More desperate and furious it becomes
 Together let us die, and on the pile

My dying accents shall proclaim my love.
 But thou in thy last moments do not curse me,
 My pardon free pronounce, ere thou diest

Oro. Oh! to thyself return, and tranquilize our hearts
Cho. A father's hoary hairs entreat thee now;
 Say 'twas delirium, say thou speakest false
 Those foolish words thou hast in vainly uttered!

The angry God that now hast heard thy words,
 If he be dumb, and dost suspend his thunder,
 It is a sign, a certain sign

That he does not desire this crime to punish.
Oro. Norma!—oh, Norma! pray, those words recall!
 Silent thou art? scarcely dost thou listen?

Nor. God! and my children! (*loud, with emotion*)

Pol. Ah! wretched offspring!
Nor. And our children. (*turning to Pol.*)
Pol. Oh! anguish!
Cho. Norma, art thou guilty?
Nor. (*with desperation*) I am,
 Beyond all human thought.

Oro. }
Cho. } Impious!

Nor. Thou hear'st. (*to Oro.*)
Oro. Away.
Nor. Oh, hear me!
Oro. Oh my anguish!
Nor. I am a mother! (*in a low voice to Oro.*)
Oro. A mother!
Nor. Hush! be calm.

Clotilde has my children—
 Do thou receive them—and from the barbarians
 Protect both them and her.

Oro. Never—no, never—go, leave me—away.
Nor. Ah, father! one more prayer. (*knelling.*)

Oh! let them not be victims
 Of this my fatal error:
 Blast not in their sweet buds
 These innocent, fair flowers.
 A blessing do not think

This life to them was given;
 A cruel boon it is,
 And pain and woe will bring.
 Think that they are thy blood,
 Have mercy on thyself.
 Ah, father! dost thou weep!

Oro. My heart's oppressed
Nor. Weep, and pardon.
Oro. Love has triumphed.

Nor. Thou dost forgive.—Those tears declare it.
Pol. No more I ask—I now am happy;
Nor. Contented I the pile ascend.

Oro. Ah! my distress—shall never be allayed.

Cloro. Piangi!—prega!—che mia spera!
 Qui respinta è la preghiera.
 Le si spogli il crin del serto:
 Si a coperto—di squallor.

(I Druidi coprono d' un velo nero la Sacerdotessa.)

Vanne al rogo; ed il tuo scempio
 Purghi l'ara e lavi il tempio.
 Maledetta all' ultim' ora!
 Maledetta estinta ancor!

Oro. Va, infelice!

Non. *(Incaminandosi.)* Padre!—addio.

Pol. Il tuo rogo, O Norma, è il mio.

Non. } Là più puro, là più santo

Pol. } Incomincia eterno amor.

Oro. Sgorga alfin, prorompi, O pianto,
 Sei permesso a un genitor.

Cho. She weeps!—prays!—what are her hopes!
 Here repulsed shall be her prayer:
 Of that crown divest her head,
 And be it covered with a black veil.

(The Druids throw a black veil over Non.)

To the pile; may thy destruction
 Purify the temple and altar.
 Be she cursed in her last hour,
 Be she cursed still after death.

Oro. Go, unfortunate.

Non. *(walking to the pile.)* Father! farewell!

Pol. Norma, alas! thy pile is mine.

Non. } There more pure and there more holy

Pol. } Does begin eternal love.

Oro. Out at last; come forth, O tears:
 To a father you're permitted.



The End.

Aria.

Allegro sostenuto.

Allegro sostenuto.

Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Allegro sostenuto." The score is written on two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte), *pp* (pianissimo), and *p* (piano). A Roman numeral *V* is placed above the upper staff. The notation includes many beamed notes and rests, suggesting a complex rhythmic pattern.

in tempo

[illegible]

Aria.

CASTA DIVA.—"GODDESS CHASTE."

Andante sostenuto assai.

assai espressivo

sempre cres. al *ff* *smorz.*

f

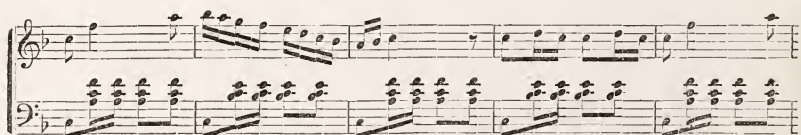
Terzetta Finale.

"OH, NON TREMARE."—"OH, TREMBLE NOT."

*Allo.**Marcato.**Assai marc.**ff*

Duetto.

"SI, FINO ALL'ORE ESTREME."—"YES, UNTIL THE LAST HOURS."



pp *f* String *ff*

Duetto.

"GIA MI PASCO NEI TUOI SGUARDI."

Assai animato.

ff

colla parte quasi in tempo

NORMA.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4.

Second system of musical notation, marked *in tempo*. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

Fourth system of musical notation, marked *ff piu vivo*. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

Fifth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

Sixth system of musical notation, ending with a double bar line. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

TESTIMONIAL

FROM THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS

TO

STEINWAY & SONS.

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

The Pianofortes, grand, square and upright, manufactured by Messrs. "STEINWAY & SONS" have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation, that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano, known to us.

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We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the Pianos of various makers, but *freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS' Pianos SUPERIOR TO THEM ALL.*

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